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FRIDAY
FEBRUARY 12, 1954

My birthday. Age 56. Sobering thought. It is dreary to commence it in the Hotel Metropole, Brussels.

I went to the Embassy and saw Fred Alger, Hugh Millard, Huntington Gilchrist, John Brown and others. André de Staercke picked me up and we drove out to Paul Van Zeeland's great pseudo-Tudor Brusselized castle. Being Friday, we had a marvelous fish lunch - oysters, sole, lobster, and champagne. We talked for a couple of hours; the Foreign Minister was, as ever, engaging, brilliant, subtle, and elusive. I shall report tomorrow on this.

After a tour afoot window-shopping for a few miles of these excellent well-stocked shops, I went to a movie, ~~found on~~ founded on Peter Cheyney's book, entitled "This Man is Dangerous". Indeed he was. I had to leave incontinently to catch my train when it was only half played, but already Lemuel Caution had beaten a couple of men to death, shot three or four more, bulldozed a trio of girls, drunk a half-dozen bottles of whiskey, and been generally tough.

I took the 7:30 train to The Hague. It is a trip of a little less than three hours. Doc Matthews met me at the station. I was so happy to see him again, and later Frisk, in their attractive house. Both of them look well and it is wonderful to have representatives like them.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR

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